

## Nursing Mothers and Over-burdened Women

In all stations of life, whose vigor and vitality may have been undermined and broken down by over-work, exacting social duties, the too frequent bearing of children, or other causes, will find in Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription the most potent, invigorating restorative strength-giver ever devised for their special benefit. Nursing mothers will find it especially valuable in sustaining their strength and promoting an abundant nourishment for the child. Expectant mothers too will find it a priceless aid in preparing the system for baby's coming and rendering the ordeal comparatively painless. It can do no harm in any state, or condition of the female system.

Delicate, nervous, weak women, who suffer from frequent headaches, backache, dragging-down distress, low down in the abdomen, or from painful or irregular monthly periods, gnawing or distressed sensation in stomach, dizzy or faint spells, see imaginary spots or spots floating before eyes, have disagreeable, pelvic catarrhal drain, prostrated, anemic or retroversion or other disposition of parts will, whether they experience many or only a few of the above symptoms, find relief and a permanent cure by using faithfully and fairly persistently Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription.

This world-famous specific for women's weakness and peculiar ailments is a pure glyceric extract of the choicest natural medicinal roots without a grain of alcohol in its make-up. All its ingredients are printed in plain English on its bottle wrapper and attested under oath. Dr. Pierce thus invites the fullest investigation of his formula knowing that it will be found to contain only the best agents known to the most advanced medical science of all the different schools of practice for the cure of women's peculiar weaknesses and ailments.

If you want to know more about the composition and professional endorsement of this "Favorite Prescription," send postal card request to Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y., for his free booklet treating of same.

You can't afford to accept as a substitute for this reputation of unknown composition a secret nostrum of unknown composition. Don't do it.

## EXCURSIONS VIA THE PERE MARQUETTE

ON

Sunday July 12

TO

Grand Rapids

Train will leave Alma at 8:40 a. m. Returning, leave Grand Rapids 6:15.

\$1.25 Round Trip \$1.25

70c GREENVILLE 70c

Alma College

ALMA, MICHIGAN

The School of Music (Vocal and Instrumental); The School of Art (China, Water Color and Oil Painting); and The Commercial School, may be entered at any time. The instruction is individual. You begin when you please, stop when you please, and pay for what you get if you please.

For full particulars address, Secy ALBERT P. COOK, Alma, Mich

CHAMBERS

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BARBER SHOP

and

Bath Rooms

Three Barbers.

No long waits.

At the shop with the Big Barber Pole.

DAVIS BROS. Props.

The doctor looks at your tongue, gives you a laxative medicine, and charges you well for it. You can judge by your tongue yourself when you need a laxative medicine, and for 25c, you can get the best laxative known, which is Colery King, the toilet-laxative.

DAVIS'S Little Early Risers

The famous little pills.

CHANCERY

(First insertion May 4.)

STATE OF MICHIGAN,

THE PROBATE COURT FOR THE COUNTY OF ALTA.

In the matter of the estate of Daniel B. Bailey late of Albia township in said county deceased.

Notice is hereby given that six months from the 15th day of July, 1908, all persons having claims against said estate, or claims by said estate against any person, are required to present their claims against said estate to said court for examination, proof and adjustment, and that all creditors of said deceased are required to present their claims to said court, at the probate office, in the village of Albia, in said county, on or before the 15th day of October, A. D. 1908, and that said claims will be heard by said court on Tuesday the 15th day of October, A. D. 1908, at ten o'clock in the forenoon.

Dated May 4th, A. D. 1908.

WILLIAM S. SEAY, Judge of Probate.

\$38 to the Pacific Coast

Are you going to the Pacific Coast?

Do you want to be extra comfortable on the trip at no extra cost?

Would you like to have a first-class and natural conductor look after things for you?

Just write today and let me tell you about our special service to California, Washington and Oregon. The best people have patronized for the past 15 years. A postal card will do.

Judson Co., 349 Marquette Bldg., Chicago

## The Fighting Chance.

By ROBERT W. CHAMBERS.

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"Hurt nothing!" retorted Mortimer indignantly. "You've had sensation battered out of you by this time. I guess society has landed you a few whiffs of the booting you over the out-works. There's another lady, that's all."

"Let it go at that, then," said Plank, reddening. "And now let me ask you a question—where were you going when I met you?"

"What do you want to know for?" asked Mortimer sullenly.

"Why, I'll tell you, Leroy. If you have any idea of identifying yourself with Quarry's people, of seeking him at this juncture with the expectation of investing any money in his schemes, you had better not do so."

"Investing?" sneered Mortimer. "Well, no, not exactly, having nothing to invest, thanks to my being swindled in to joining his Amalgamated Electric gang. Don't worry. If there's any shaking down to be done I'll do it, my friend. And he rose and started to ward the elevators."

"Wait," said Plank. "Why, man, you can't frighten Quarry. What did you sell your holdings for? Why didn't you come to us to see? What's the use of going to Quarry now and scolding? You can't scare a man like that."

Mortimer fairly grinned in his face. "You're a big mistake," he sneered, "in undervaluing others. I want you to understand a few things, my friend, and one of them is that I'm not afraid of Quarry, and another is I'm not afraid of you."

"Leroy?"

"No, not afraid of you either!" repeated Mortimer, with an ugly stare. "You keep a civil tongue in your head after this—do you understand?—and we'll get on all right. If you don't, I'll be the means to make you!"

"Are you crazy?"

"Not a bit of it. Too sane for you and Lella to hoodwink!"

"You are crazy!" repeated Plank, aghast.

"Am I? You and Lella can take the matter into court if you want to—unless I do. And—here he leaned forward, showing his teeth again—"the next time you kiss her close the door!"

Then he went away up the marble steps and entered an elevator, and Plank, grave and pale, went out into the street and entered his big touring car. But the drive up town and through the sunlit park gave him no pleasure, and he entered his great house with a heavy, lifeless step, head bent, as though counting every creak in the stairs under his lagging feet. For the first time in all his life he was afraid of a man.

The man he was afraid of had gone directly to Quarry's office, missing the gentleman he was seeking by such a small fraction of a minute that he realized they must have passed each other in the elevator, he ascending while Quarry was descending.

Furious to think of the time he had wasted with Plank, he crawled into a hansom and bade the driver take him to a number he gave, designating one of the new limestone basement houses on the upper west side.

All the way up town as he jolted about in his seat he angrily regretted the meeting with Plank, even in spite of the check. What demon had possessed him to boast—to display his hand when there had been no necessity? Plank was still ready to give him aid at a crisis, had always been ready. Time enough when Plank turned stingy to use persuasion.

He lay back, rolling about in the jouncing cab, scowling at space.

"I'll shake down Quarry," he said to himself. "I'll make him pay for his treachery—scaring me out of Analagmatist! That will be restitution, not extortion!"

He was angry because he had been for days screwing up his courage to the point of seeking Quarry face to face. He had not wished to do it. The scene and his own attitude in it could only be repugnant to him, although he continually explained to himself that it was restitution, not extortion.

"Oh," he groaned, "what an ass I am!" And he got out of his cab in front of a very new limestone basement house with red geraniums blooming on the window sills and let himself in with a latchkey.

The interior of the house was attractive in a rather bright, new, clean fashion. The maid, too, who appeared at the sound of the closing door and took his hat and gloves was as newly groomed as the floors and woodwork and so noiseless as to be conspicuous in her swift, silent movements.

"Anybody here?" he growled, leering into the drawing room at a tiny grand piano cased in unvarnished Circassian walnut.

"There is nobody at home, sir," said the maid.

He began to ascend the stairway, breathing heavily, then, thud over the deep velvet strip, his fat hand grasping the banister rail.

Somewhere on the second floor a small dog barked, and Mortimer traversed the hall and opened the door into a room hung with gold Spanish leather and pale green curtains.

"Hello, Tinto!" he said affably as the tiny Japanese spaniel hurried herself at him, barking furiously, then began writhing and weaving herself about him, gurgling recognition and welcome.

Presently another maid entered, with an apple cut into thin wafers and a decanter of port, and Mortimer lay back in his chair, sipping his apple in the thick, crimson wine and feeding morsels of the combination to himself and to Tinto at intervals until the apple was all gone and the decanter three-fourths empty.

It was very still in the room—so still that Mortimer, opening his eyes at longer and longer intervals to peer at the door, finally opened them no more.

It was still daylight when Mortimer awoke, conscious of people about him. As he opened his eyes a man laughed. Several people seated by the window joined in. He yawned, laughing, turning his heavy eyes from one to another, recognizing a couple of young girls at the window. He didn't want to get up, but there is in the society he now adorned a stringency of etiquette known as "refinement" and which to ignore is to become unpopular.

So he got on to his massive legs and went over to shake hands with a gravity becoming the ceremony.

"How d'ye do, Miss Hutchinson?" thought you were at Asbury Park. How do you, Miss Del Garcia? Have you been out in Millbank's motor yet?"

"We broke down at McGowan's place," said Miss Del Garcia, laughing the laugh that had made her so attractive in "A Word to the Wise."

"Muddy gasoline," nodded Millbank laconically, an iron jawed, overgrown man of forty with a dolid face shaved blue.

"We passed Mr. Plank's big touring car," observed Lydia Vyse, shifting Tinto to the couch and brushing the black and white hairs from her automobile coat. "How much does a car like that cost, Leroy?"

"About twenty-five thousand," he said gloomily. Then, looking up: "Hold on, Millbank. Don't be going. Why can't you all dine with us? Never mind your car. Ours is all right, and we'll run out into the country for dinner. How about it, Miss Del Garcia?"

But both Miss Del Garcia and Miss Hutchinson had accepted another invitation, in which Millbank was also included.

They stood about, vells floating, leather decorated coats thrown back, lingering for awhile to talk the garage talk which fascinates people of their type. Then Millbank looked at the clock, made his adieu to Lydia, nodded significantly to Mortimer and followed the others downstairs.

There was something amiss with his motor, for it made a startling racket in the street, finally plunging forward with a lurch.

Lydia laughed as the two young girls in the tonneau turned to nod to her in mock despair. Then she came running back upstairs, holding her skirt free from her hurrying little feet.

"Well?" she inquired, as Mortimer turned back from the window to confront her.

"I missed him," said Mortimer.

She flung the coat over a chair, stood a moment, her fingers busy with her hair pins, then sat down on the couch, taking Tinto into her lap. She was very pretty, dark skin, marvelously graceful full in her every movement.

"Can't you see him tomorrow?" she asked.

"I suppose so," said Mortimer slowly. "Oh, Lord! How I hate this business!"

"Hasn't he misused your confidence? Hasn't he taken your money?" she asked. "It may be unpleasant for you to make him unwell, but you're a coward if you don't."

"I wish I'd held fast now. I never supposed Plank would take hold. It was that driveling old fellow who scared me stiff! The minute I saw him scurrying to cover like a singled cat I was fool enough to climb the first tree. I've had my lesson, little girl."

"I hope you'll give Howard his. Somebody ought to," she said quietly.

About half past 8 they dined in a white and pink dining room furnished in dull gray walnut and served by a stealthy, white haired, pink skinned butler.

They had planned to go for a spin in Mortimer's motor after dinner, but in view of the Quarry fiasco neither was in the mood for anything.

"Do you know, Leroy," she observed as they left the table and sauntered back into the pale blue drawing room, "do you know that the servants haven't been paid for three months?"

"Oh, for heaven's sake," he expostulated, "don't begin that sort of thing. I get enough of that at home. I get it every time I show my nose!"

"I only mentioned it," she said carelessly. "You had an opportunity to make Howard pay you back. What are you going to do?"

"Of course. You are going to do something, I suppose. You haven't yet told me how you intend to make Howard return the money you lost through his juggling with your stock."

"I don't exactly know myself," admitted Mortimer, still overflushed. "I mean to put it to him squarely as a debt of honor that he owes. I asked him whether to invest. He never warned me not to. He is morally responsible."

She nodded.

"I'll tell him so, too," blustered Mortimer, shaking himself into an upright posture and laying a pudgy, clinched fist on the table. "I'm not afraid of him! He'll find that out too. I know enough to stagger him. Not that I

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Heavy, impure blood makes a muddy, pimply complexion, headaches, nausea, indigestion. Thin blood makes you weak, pale, sickly. Burdock Blood Bitters makes the blood rich, red, pure—restores perfect health.

Stops itching instantly. Cures piles, or eczema, scalp rheum, tetter, itch, hives, herpes, scabies—Doan's Ointment. At any drug store.

## SUMMARY OF NEWS.

Brief Paragraphs of the World's Latest Occurrences.

The supreme council, Independent Order of Foresters, has decided upon an advance in insurance rates of from 40 to 100 per cent.

Daniel McCrea, a detective for the Buffalo, Rochester & Pittsburgh Railroad company, was shot in the head by alleged car burglars at Buffalo.

Reports from western Pennsylvania, eastern Ohio and West Virginia show that damage from severe storms will amount to over \$200,000. About ten persons were injured, none fatally.

A fire in Port Chester, N. Y., has destroyed a block of buildings, occupied chiefly by business firms, rendering forty families homeless and entailing a loss of \$500,000.

Paris papers announce the engagement of Miss Anna Fallieres, daughter of the president, to Jean Joseph Edmond Lanes, secretary general of the presidency of the republic.

The Citizens' bank of Dover, Ky., has closed its doors. At the meeting of the directors it was discovered that neither a single piece of paper nor a cent of money was in the safe.

President Roosevelt has appointed John C. O'Laughlin of Washington, correspondent of a Chicago newspaper, as secretary to the American commission to the Japanese exposition in Tokio in 1912. His salary will be \$5,000 a year.

Donelson Caffery Jenkins, in the fifties and sixties one of the best known newspaper editors in the country, being owner and chief editor of the New Orleans Delta, and later of the Picayune, is dead at Sierra Madre, Cal., aged eighty-three.

Addison Swoyer of Boyertown, Pa., swore out a warrant against Dr. T. J. B. Rhodes, the owner of the opera house in which 171 lives were lost last January, charging him with violating the factory laws and maintaining a building dangerous to public safety.

Two destructive forest fires, started by careless camping parties, are raging west of Buffalo, in the western part of Jefferson county Colo., and the extreme northern part of the park country. The value of the timber already destroyed by both fires is estimated at \$115,000.

Falling 500 feet in a flaming balloon, Joseph Randall, an aeronaut in San Francisco, is nursing only a few bruises after an escape at Idora park, Oakland, before 10,000 spectators. Randall was high in the air when a spark set the big gas bag afire, and it shot down like a meteor. He struck on the roof of a theater.

The new battleship New Hampshire has sailed from the Brooklyn navy yard with 409 marines, bound for Panama, where, if necessary, they will maintain order during the approaching presidential election. The marines are commanded by Lieutenant Colonel E. R. Cole. Six field pieces also were taken to Panama on the battleship.

Representatives of retail, wholesale and manufacturing lumbermen, in session in Minneapolis, adopted a code of ethics for the trade and formed a new association to be known as the Lumber Trade congress. The code of ethics consists of seventeen clauses, governing the question of orders, failure to deliver or damage claims, terms of sale and arbitration of difficulties between buyer and seller.

GENERAL MARKETS.

Detroit Grain Market.

WHEAT—No. 1 white, 90¢; No. 2 red, spot, 88¢; July, 88¢; Sept., 87¢.

CORN—No. 3 mixed, 72¢; No. 3 yellow, 74¢.

OATS—No. 3 white, 56¢.

RYE—No. 2, 77¢.

BEANS—Spot, \$2.55; Oct., \$1.95.

CLOVER—Oct., \$7.45.

Chicago Grain Market.

WHEAT—July, 86¢; Sept., 85¢; Dec., 86¢.

CORN—July, 69¢; Sept., 69¢; Dec., 58¢.

OATS—July, 45¢; Sept., 39¢.

Chicago Provision Market.

PORK—July, \$14.50; Sept., \$14.75.

LARD—July, \$8.92; Sept., \$9.12.

RIBS—July, \$8.12; Sept., \$8.37.

Chicago Livestock Market.

CATTLE—Beefers, \$1.85; cows and heifers, \$2.50; stockers and feeders, \$2.60.

HOGS—Light, \$5.25; heavy, \$5.25; pigs, \$4.50.

SHEEP—Native, \$4.40; yearlings, \$4.80; 50; lambs, \$4.25.

East Buffalo Livestock Market.

CATTLE—Best export steers, \$6.75; 70; best fat cows, \$4.95; fair to good, \$3.50; common, \$3.25; trimmers, \$2.25; best fat heifers, \$5.25; butcher heifers, \$3.75; light heifers, \$3.25; best feeders, \$4.25; 50; best stockers, \$3.50; 70; common stockers, \$3.25; stock bulls, \$1.75.

HOGS—Heavy and Yorkers, \$6.40; 50; pigs, \$5.30.

SHEEP—Best lambs, \$7.25; 50; culls, \$5.50; 50; wethers, \$5.25; ewes, \$4.80; 75; yearlings, \$6.50; 25.

For mild, easy action of the bowels, a single dose of Doan's Regulat is enough. Treatment cures habitual constipation. 25 cents a box. Ask your druggist for them.

"Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil is the best remedy for that often fatal disease—croup. Has been used with success in our family for eight years."—Mrs. L. Whiteacre, Buffalo, N. Y.

Smoke the Alma and patronize home industry.

## LOCAL HAPPENINGS

John Hiles, of Vestaburg, was a business visitor in the city last Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. P. W. Creaser visited friends in Ithaca last Thursday afternoon.

Miss Ruth Hall of Bay City was the guest of friends in this city a few days last week.

Miss Ida Moore, of St. Louis, spent Friday in the city a guest of Rev and Mrs. J. M. Wolfe.

Miss Edith Soper, of Milledgeville, Ill., is a guest at the home of George Soper and family in this city.

Mrs. N. Boyer, of St. Louis spent Friday in this city the guest of her daughter, Mrs. D. M. McCarthy.

Mrs. C. J. Nelson, of Fowlerville, spent a couple days last week a guest of relatives in this city.

Mrs. Henry Pratt and Mrs. Stuart, of Ithaca, called on relatives and friends in this city last Thursday.

Miss Vallie Cameron, of St. Louis, spent Friday in this city the guest of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. D. Cameron.

Carl Adams has accepted a position as clerk in a cigar store in Grand Rapids and left for that city Thursday.

Mrs. V. Wiser, of St. Louis, was the guest of her daughter, Mrs. Blanche Rollin in this city Thursday and Friday.

Clyde Smith, of Pontiac, arrived last Wednesday for a week's visit at the home of Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Sack in this city.

Mrs. M. K. Sprague, of Rockland, Maine, arrived in this city Friday for a two weeks' visit with relatives and friends.

Mrs. M. E. Evans, of Shepherd, spent Thursday and Friday in this city and the guest of her daughter, Mrs. B. S. Fausett.

Mrs. J. M. Montigel, of Pasadena, California arrived Friday evening and will spend the summer the guest of relatives in this city.

Mrs. Charles E. Blanchard, enroute to Potosky, visited with Charles Rhodes and family in this city a couple days last week.

Miss Sophia Dunham, who has been a teacher in the Grand Lodge public schools arrived home Friday evening to spend her summer vacation.

Mrs. E. L. Wells returned to her home in Forest Hill Friday evening after a week's visit at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Francis Ray in this city.

Miss Theo Ambury who attended the commencement exercises at Oberlin, Ohio, last week, returned to her home in this city Friday evening.

Leo, the 13-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. Kaplan, of Shepherd, was operated on for appendicitis at the Brainerd hospital in this city last Wednesday.

## LOCAL HAPPENINGS

Miss Margaret Elliott, who is spending the summer with her sister, Mrs. Grover Taylor, in this city, visited her parents in Lansing a couple days the latter part of last week.

Edmund Moffatt with a crew of twenty men began thinning sugar beets the first of the week. Mr. Moffatt has contracted for \$1800 worth of work and expect to increase this contract.

The Pere Marquette has improved its passenger service on this division of the road, having added a buffet and dining car between Saginaw and Grand Rapids as well as the parlor car, making a six-coach train.

A good digestive system, one that acts so that you do not know that you have a stomach, is God's birthright to every man—to every woman.

If digestion is weak, if foods turn into gas, if you suffer after eating, if you are sleepless, nervous and out of sorts—then the stomach is diseased and prompt action should be taken.

W. A. Ennis, a well-known builder in Syracuse, tells an easy way to strengthen the stomach and get well when he writes: "Mi-o-na Stomach Tablets have done more for me in one week than all the doctors the two years I was under their care. Thanks to Mi-o-na. I can work once more, the first time in over a year." It is an easy thing to strengthen the stomach and cure indigestion by using Mi-o-na. Get a 50-cent box from Chas. Rhodes with his guarantee to refund the money unless the remedy does all that is claimed for it.

HOW IS YOUR STOMACH

Easy Way to Strengthen It And Get Well.

Trade with Me and get Flour Free Both Hello's

R. S. Swarthout.

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